

STORIES of AMERICAN CITIES

Sorrows of a "Poor Little Rich Boy"



ANSON'S "Poor Little Rich Boy," who was left \$100,000 when he was 14 and found himself an unwilling husband at 18, is at last free to marry the sweetheart of his school days, Miss Mildred Woodson.

Judge Adams A. C. Cliffe in the Kane county circuit court at Geneva, granted his plea for an annulment of his marriage to Nels E. Anson Volkmann. The latter is said to have withdrawn his opposition following a settlement of approximately \$20,000.

Volkmann, who is now 23 years old, told Judge Cliffe he was attending the Northwestern Military Academy at Lake Geneva, Wis., when, on Oct. 27, 1915, J. Edgar Anson, bank president, state attorney at Kane county, and Dr. Eugene Peterson, the Volkmann family physician, appeared at the school and told him he would have to marry Miss Mildred. A marriage had been taken out for his arrest, he said they told him.

He said he was brought to Chicago

in an automobile, and that Miss Mildred joined the party here. They then drove to Crown Point, Ind., where, he says, Anson told him he would have to marry her. The marriage was performed and Volkmann went back to school.

Four months later a baby girl was born to Mrs. Nels Volkmann. Young Volkmann claimed paternity and produced Gustave Anderson of Grand Rapids, Mich., who admitted he was the child's father. Mrs. Volkmann then obtained an annulment of \$800 a month.

When Anson entered the war, young Volkmann went into the army and was studying aviation when the armistice was signed. During his absence, Mrs. Anson Woodson and her daughter, Mildred, resumed his home.

In the meantime the court had reduced Mrs. Volkmann's annuity from \$800 to \$400 a month. She filed suit for \$20,000 damages against Miss Woodson and the latter was ordered to come into court and explain why she purchased automobiles, diamonds and the clothes for her.

"Mildred and I have been sweethearts for years," Volkmann said. "Now I hope we will be married before long."

"Our engagement never has been broken," said Miss Woodson, who is now 22. "We were engaged long before that was forced into this alleged marriage with this other girl. We became engaged Dec. 28, 1914."

"One of the Ridgelys of Springfield"

SPRINGFIELD, Mo.—It will be many a day before the citizens of this city stop talking over "the Ridgely case."

A strange story of hidden identity was told in the court of Judge Lewis E. Sullivan in Chicago, where the judge entered a decree which made it possible for Robert Ridgely to become Robert Edwards Ridgely and legally assume his place as one of the Ridgelys of Springfield—a leading family in the Illinois capital.

Attorney David R. Woodworth, representing the young man, told the story.

"Young Ridgely is a son of Edward R. Ridgely, a national bank examiner, who died a few years ago," the attorney said. "He is also a nephew of the late William Barrett Ridgely, compiler of the encyclopedia in 1908, and a nephew of Mrs. William A. Vincent, widow of the late judge."

Attached to the petition for a change of the name was a certified copy of a marriage license issued in Little Rock, Ark., in October, 1928, to Edward Ridgely and Miss Fannie Clark. According to the young man's petition, he is a son of that union, having been born in St. Louis.

"After the civil marriage in Arkansas," said Attorney Woodworth,



"there was a fashionable church wedding in Springfield after the birth of the boy Robert."

"With his birth his parents' strange life and his existence from friends of the family in Springfield. The boy himself, through the years of his childhood and education, was told by his father that he was the son of a very dear friend of the father's, named Edwards."

"It was not until Robert's presence was necessary in a contest over the will of his grandfather, Charles Ridgely, that the son learned his real identity. Then his father and Judge Vincent produced him in court as one of the heirs of the late Ridgely's \$5,000,000 estate."

Eventually the attorney said, Robert will receive a portion of the estate.

After the Fashion Set by Fannie Hurst



CHICAGO.—The domestic schedule in a Fannie Hurst calls for husband and wife to breakfast together, twice a week. Every Sunday has been the rule with Mrs. Irene Hatfield ever since the monotony of home drove her into the whirl of commerce.

Now her 2-year-old daughter has been allotted by her physician a very short time to live, and Irene's husband, U. C. Hatfield, who manages a printing establishment at 6157 Wentworth avenue, cannot find her. About a month ago his wife announced she wanted to work. He had taught her how to operate a typewriter.

"She started out one Thursday and found herself a job and a fur-

pished woman," said Hatfield. "She would not tell me where she was. If I ever wanted to reach her, she said, I would only address a letter General Delivery, Chicago."

"There was no trouble between us from used to come home every Sunday. The last Sunday she was missing—wrote all day long. She had spells of that kind ever since our first baby died."

When the baby became sick, Hatfield hurried it to the home of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Emma Anderson of 405 North Mobile avenue. Then he began to search for his wife.

A general delivery letter was dispatched. No reply. Hatfield procured classified newspaper sections of the date when his wife left home. He checked up over 200 addresses appearing in the "furnished rooms" column, tramping from place to place in a tireless, fruitless pilgrimage. Not even a trace of his "lost" Irene.

Hatfield is nearly frantic, for the doctors tell him that before long little Shirley will be toddling on the long, long journey, unblest by a mother's good-by kiss.

Who Got the Drop on These Diamonds?

NEW YORK.—A bullet which shattered several diamonds in a \$100,000 diamond necklace is causing a controversy between Mrs. Garne Munn, daughter of Rodman Wanamaker, and the American Express company.

Mr. Munn purchased the necklace and sent it to his wife in Radnor, Pa., but before she received it a bullet had been fired into the package causing several thousand dollars' damage. Mr. Munn claimed damages from the express company, but the latter, setting forth that a receipt from the Munn housekeeper shows the package was delivered in good order, has refused to accept responsibility.

Both sides have called in experts to decide whether the shot might have been fired into the package before or after the outer wrappings had been removed. The company's theory is that somebody, after removing the wrapping, fired at the box, fearing it might be a bomb. The wrapping was



replaced when it was discovered what the box contained, they allege, and some one poked his finger through the paper to make it appear that the shot had been fired while the package was intact.

Anyway, the Wanamakers are bomb-shy. A bomb was delivered at the Wanamaker home at Tuxedo in an innocent-looking wrapping. Albert Gustave Kurth, a former butler in the home, who had been discharged, was arrested and sent to prison.

Climbing Mount Moran



MOUNT MORAN AND JACKSON LAKE

IT IS proposed to add about 100 square miles to Yellowstone National park on the south, legislation to this effect is now pending in congress. This enlargement includes the Teton range near the Idaho Wyoming line, Jackson lake and the headwaters of the Yellowstone river. It will give Yellowstone National park magnificent scenery of a kind it needs. Grand Teton (13,747 feet), highest peak of the Teton range, has been famous as a landmark since the days of the early fur trade. Mount Moran, 14,100, on the west side of Jackson lake, has never been ascended, according to local belief.

In Country Life Lelloy Jeffers, A. C. F. R. G. N., secretary of the board of Associated Mountain Clubs of North America, tells of his ascent of Mount Moran. His narrative runs:

My wife and I entered Yellowstone park by its scenic eastern approach through Shoshone canon, climbing through timber in its towering walls of gray and pink.

After meeting my acquaintance with the exquisitely colored Grand canon of the Yellowstone, we ascended Mount Washburn for its comprehensive view of the park. Visiting the hot springs and geysers, we finally left Old Faithful for the hamlet of Moran on Jackson lake, 70 miles to the south.

As the Grand Teton had already been climbed, I was more interested in the possibilities of Mount Moran, which was said to be unclimbable. H. M. Albright, superintendent of Yellowstone park, had just viewed it from various sides, everywhere finding sheer cliffs. In August, 1917, a considerable party ascended as far as the glacier on its eastern face, which they named Huntley glacier. It was then reported in the Scientific American of March 30, 1918, that "the summit has never been attained, and probably never will be, as the last 3,000 feet of the mountain are sheer perpendicular walls of rock." Ben Sheffield, who is the local authority on the mountain, told us that he had spent many years in hunting sheep on its crags, always searching for a route to the summit, but always turned back by insurmountable cliffs. He recounted a thrilling experience in which he nearly lost his life, and had come to the conclusion that the mountain could be ascended only by driving staples into the cliffs.

Danger From Stones.

These reports made the mountain seem all the more interesting, and we left Moran at eight o'clock that evening for the nine-mile trip across Jackson lake. Impressed with the warning that the walls near the glacier could not be climbed, we decided to investigate the northern face, and we landed as far to the right of the central mass of the mountain as it seemed safe for us to go in the boat.

It was after 1 p. m. on a hot day, a most unfavorable time for a serious climb on any glacial mountain, for the sun had long been melting the snow on the heights. Already the glacier was strewn with newly fallen rocks, but I passed on, jumping the open fissures and sounding in the snow with my ice-axe where there was danger of concealed crevices. I found delicate work in crossing the Bergschrund and surmounting the cliff above it, for I had to descend into the edge of the chasm where there were great passageways and caverns of blue and green leading up to unfathomed depths into which one might slip. The greatest danger, however, was from falling stones, which were whizzing with tremendous speed down the cliffs to the glacier, and I was not eager to intrude on their line of fire.

Ascending the grizzly walls of the cirque, I reached the summit just as a giant mass of rock, tons in weight, came bounding and crashing down from unseen heights in a tremendous avalanche which passed within a few feet of the trembling rock on which I stood. As the rocks followed the route of my ascent and spread over the entire glacier below me, it seemed unwise to continue my climb, and I reluctantly retraced my steps. Thus far my climb had involved only such technical difficulties as are in the day's work of any competent mountaineer, but it is a safe rule never to

climb with falling stones, for they are not a fair test of anyone's skill.

Where No Foot Had Tread.

A thunderstorm was raging among the crags, so I hurried back and descended across the glacier and descended to climb the aiguille on the left. This in itself proved to be a considerable height, and before reaching its summit I had become more interested in the great walls of the main peak.

For too swiftly the shadow of Moran advanced to Jackson lake, the sun disappeared, and darkness reigned around from the valley. Meanwhile I left the ridge and traversed the face of the mountain until I came to a long chimney. Entering it, I found my way upward in the falling light, reaching and straddling from side to side for possible hand and footholds, not struggling to surmount the right hand, which were inherently wedged above me in the chimney.

At one point I had to leave the chimney for a short descent on the steep, smooth surface. Again I had to throw my rock back up ahead, wedge my ax into a crack, and work over a heaving rock. Contrary to custom on a rock climb, I had brought my ice-axe with me, using it in the absence of a companion to lengthen my reach at difficult points. The chimney was many hundred feet in length and afforded athletic diversion which would have been more enjoyable earlier in the day, when I should have climbed more rapidly.

After leaving the top of the chimney there was a delicate fifty feet or more of vertical cliff and slanting rock where the slightest slip meant an instant unbridled descent for thousands of feet. On setting foot on the highest point of the mountain, I found a level surface, possibly 150 feet long and 25 feet wide, that was strewn with a few loose rocks. On this summit no foot had tread.

SMALL COMFORT ON VOYAGE

Sea Travel of Comparatively a Few Years Ago the Reverse of Enjoyable Experience.

That the modern third-class passenger has more real comforts and conveniences than first-class passenger by sea would have dreamed of in olden times is made very apparent by a writer who describes conditions appertaining to a voyage to India as they were before the opening of the Suez canal.

"The would-be passenger engaged his passage some months in advance. Assuming him to be married and traveling with wife and a child, he would be allowed a cabin—which meant four bare walls, more or less odoriferous of paint. The next process was to arrange with one of numerous outfitting firms for the erection of sleeping berths and the provision of bedding. For ordinary passengers there were no baths.

"The daily allowance of fresh water was two quarts per passenger; the only method of supplementing this meager quantity was by catching rain water. The term saloon was not used, nor would it have been appropriate. The dining apartment was called the cuddy, the waiters being known as cuddy servants. The cuddy stretched across the whole beam of the ship and was a bare room with one long table. There was no smoking room, and in bad weather smoking on deck was difficult.

"All lights in cabins were extinguished at 10 p. m. The illumination was by candles in swinging holders with glass shades. The cuddy was lighted by argand lamps burning coal oil. The food, though simple, was in many respects equal to that in the present liners, as large quantities of livestock were carried. These were in charge of a butcher and his assistants, the latter being known as 'Jimmy Ducks.' A cow was also carried, that fact being bracketed in sailing advertisements with an experienced surgeon. There were no libraries nor amusements."—Chambers' Journal.

Mankind Easily Governed. Nothing appears more surprising to those who consider human affairs with a philosophical eye than the easiness with which the many are governed by the few.—Hume.

NOT POPULAR WITH LABOR

Senator Harding Has Never Enjoyed the Confidence of the Workers.

FACT PROVED BY OHIO VOTE

In His Contests for Public Office It Has Been Plainly Shown That He Is Mistrusted by the Great Labor Element.

Warren G. Harding does not seem popular with labor. The reasons, doubtless, will come out during the campaign; the fact seems pretty certain already. There was an ominous growth from union workers when he was nominated, and the disapproval seemed quite as much for the candidate as for the platform.

In Ohio, when Mr. Harding ran for governor against Judson Harmon in 1910, the Republican candidate carried only 23 of the 88 counties, and not one of the 23 was an industrial county. The matter was well stated in a dispatch from Columbus recently published in the Journal.

"In Cuyahoga county (Cleveland), for example, Harding received only 25,424 votes as against 45,197 for Harmon; in Hamilton county (Cincinnati), 43,253 as compared with 52,531 for Harmon; in Montgomery county (Dayton), 14,533 as against 18,009 for Harmon. He also ran away behind the Democratic candidate in the counties of Franklin, Lucas, Stark, Summit and Mahoning, containing the cities of Columbus, Toledo, Canton, Akron and Youngstown, all of which are flourishing manufacturing centers with a large labor vote."

That was ten years ago, but nothing has occurred to improve Senator Harding's standing with the workers. Labor does not like Pentecost, Lodge, Knox and other "artificers" of the senate, yet these were Harding's constant companions, and are his sponsors in the campaign. Harding helped to kill the treaty, and organized labor is on record in favor of the treaty. But these factors hardly explain the continuance of the antagonism, and do not touch on the origin of it.

We shall know the cause in time, probably in a short time. Meanwhile, the fact does not appear to be disputed.—Chicago Journal.

Cox a Worthy Leader.

By the nomination of James M. Cox the San Francisco convention have given its party a leader well versed in the principles of democracy, a candidate who has the pleasing habit of carrying his own state and a man who in high office has demonstrated his capacity to legislate and to govern.

Three times elected governor of Ohio, being the only successful representative of his party on the state ticket in 1918, his record in that respect is unique. It was largely through his successful administration that Ohio in 1916 gave its electoral vote to Woodrow Wilson and thus insured his reelection. With Governor Cox at the head of the Democratic ticket this year, a commonwealth which never before failed the Republicans in a national election, except as a result of the Taft-Roosevelt split in 1912, will again become a debatable ground.—New York World.

Harding Puppet Candidate.

Of all the candidates whose names were presented to the Chicago convention or who were within the range of the convention's choice, Harding, with the exception of Johnson and Flanders, fell the farthest short of measuring up to the requirements of a president in this critical time. Lowden and Wood were eliminated by their campaign fund scandals, but with Hoover and Hughes and Taft and Knox, and even Coolidge and Spruill and Baker to select from, what more pitiful choice could have been made, in view of the colossal questions with which the next president of the United States must deal? Senator Harding was nominated because the old-guard Republicans want a president to whom they can give orders—a president who will take orders. Accordingly they present their puppet candidate in the person of Warren G. Harding of Ohio.

Foiled the Country.

What did the Republicans in congress do? They "denounced" and "invigiled" copiously. They did practically nothing. They played with business and taxation. These were mere counters in their game. The election was the one thing needful. They were not going to do or pretend to do anything save with a strictly partisan view. They had promised much. They fulfilled no promise.

Harding Colorless Candidate.

According to that renegade Democrat, Colonel Harvey, who is said to have had quite a hand in nominating Harding at Chicago, "there was no popular explosion for him. He was nominated because there was nothing against him, and because the delegates wanted to go home." This seems to be the truth of the matter. The senator has no particular fitness for the presidency, but as he is colorless and without force he was picked out because he had excited no such antagonisms as the other candidates had.

BACK HURT ALL THE TIME

Mrs. Hill Says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Removed The Cause.



Knoxville, Tenn.—"My back hurt me all the time, I was all run down, could not eat and my head bothered me, all caused by female trouble. I was three years with these troubles and doctors did me no good. Your medicine helped my sister so she advised me to take it. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and the Liver Pile and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and now I am well, can eat heartily and work. I give you my thanks for your great medicine. You may publish my letter and I will tell everyone what your medicine did for me."—Mrs. Phyllis Hill, 415 Jacksonboro St., Knoxville, Tennessee.

Hundreds of such letters expressing gratitude for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished are constantly being received, proving the reliability of this grand old remedy.

If you are ill do not drag along and continue to suffer day in and day out but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a woman's remedy for woman's ills.

The next time you buy calomel ask for

Calotabs

The purified and refined calomel tablets that are

nausealess, safe and sure. Medicinal virtues retained and improved. Sold only in sealed packages. Price 35c.

Thirty Running Sores

Remember, I stand back of every box. Every druggist guarantees to refund the purchase price if you are not satisfied. I guarantee to do it all I claim.

I guarantee it for eczema, old sores, running sores, salt rheum, ulcers, sore nipples, cracked breasts, itching skin, skin diseases, blisters, bleeding and itching piles as well as for chafing, burns, scalds, cuts, bruises and sunburn.

"I had 30 running sores on my leg for 12 years. Was in three different hospitals. Amputation was advised. Salt graining was tried. I was cured by using Peter's ointment. Continued P. E. & Co., 25 Michigan Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Mail orders filled by Peter's Ointment Co., Buffalo, N. Y."

Aspirin Compound Tablets

(Laxative—Sedative—Aspirin Compound) Pain's worst enemy. Sensible relief for pains and aches. Safe to take, for the depressing effect of the Aspirin is counteracted in this perfected combination. Laxative, stimulates the kidneys and liver, cleansing the system of poisonous wastes.

The ideal remedy for headache, nervousness, pain, neuritis, rheumatism, colds and menstrual pains. Trial is proof.

Get the box at any drug store. Send us for trial box (4 boxes) and the name of your druggist.

Write to: J. C. LARROW, REMEDIES, 25 Michigan St., Buffalo, N. Y.

POINT THE STRAIGHT WAY TO HEALTH

Better Than Pills - For Liver Ills

The reason



NR Tonight - Tomorrow Alright

PESKY BED BUGS

(Pesky Devils Quietly) P. D. Q. is a new chemical that puts the everlasting to the pesky bedbugs, roaches, fleas, ants and cockroaches. It is impossible for the pesky devils to exist where P. D. Q. is used. Recommendations of Hotels, Hospitals, Railroad Companies and other public institutions are a guarantee to the public that the safest, quickest and most economical way of ridding the pesky insects is by the use of P. D. Q. as this chemical kills the eggs as well as the live ones, and will not injure the clothing.

A 5c package makes a full quart, enough to kill a million bedbugs, roaches, fleas or cockroaches—and also contains a patent sprayer to get the egg nests in the hard-to-get-at places, and saves juice. Your druggist has it or he can get it for you, or sent prepaid on receipt of price by The Owl Chemical Works, Terre Haute, Indiana.

ESTABLISH YEAR AROUND BUSINESS. Crack filler and varnish remover. Formula 12-60 each. No fake. Guaranteed. Direct Sales Co., 218 Monroe, Memphis, Tennessee.

FOR FREE LIST OF NAMES with description and prices write P. D. Q. Supply, 1150 McCauland Ave., St. Louis, Missouri.

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, MO. 33-1920.